es is no time like the old and I were young, in the buds of April blo of Spring-time sung! garden's brightest glories

e is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days! resting like his welcome a homage like his praise! s is the scentless flower, with gaudy crown

here is no love like the old, that we courted is our pride; hough our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading aide by side, here are blossoms all around us with the col-ors of the dawn, ad we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like the old friends—may Heaven prolong their lives!

AN IRISH IDYL.

We had been out all night watching he herring-fishers, but as soon as the rork was over, and the faint glimmering of dawn appeared in the east, we turned our boat's bow towards the shore and pulled swiftly homewards. There is the group of curraghs still upon the scene of their labor, loaded with phosphorescent fish and dripping nets, and manned with crews of shiv-

nets, and manned with crews of shivering, weary men. The sea, which during the night had been throbbing convulsively, was calm and bright as a polished mirror, while the gaunt grey cliffs were faintly shadowed forth by the lustrous light of the moon.

Wearied with the night's labor, I lay listlessly in the stern of the boat, listening dreamingly to the measured splash, splash of the oars, and drinking in the beauty of the scene around me—the placid sea, the black outline of the hills and cliffs, and silently sleeping village of Storport. Presently, however, my ears detected another sound, which came faintly across the water and mingled softly with the monotonous splashing of the oars and the weary washing of the sea.

"Is it a mermaid singing?" I asked, aleeply. "The village maidems are all dreaming of their lovers at this hour, but the Midian Maras sing of their.

but the Midian Maras sing of theirs. Oh, yes, it must be a mermaid, for hark! the sound is issuing from the shore yonder, and surely no human being possessed a voice half so beauti-ful!"

a reply, so I lay still half sleepily and listened to the plaintive wailing of the voice, which every moment grew stronger. It came across the water like the low sweet sound of an Æolian harp touched by the summer breeze, and as the boat glided swiftly on, bringing it ever nearer, the whole scene around seemed suddenly to brighten as if from the touch of a mag-ical hand. Above me sailed the moon, scattering pale vitreous light around the wild plaintive voice of the girl as I had heard it before that night:
hand the mellow thatched cabins, lyhand the mellow thatched cabins, lyhand the mellow thatched cabins, lyAnd his line are as cold as clay."

ing so secluded on the hill, the long stretch of shimmering sand, and fringe of foam upon the shingle, the peaks of the hills silheuetted against the pale gray sky.

A white owl passing across the boat and almost brushing my cheek with its wing aroused me at length from my torpor. The sound of the voice had ceased. Above my head a flock of seaguils screamed, and as they sailed away I heard the whistle of the curlew: little puflins were floating thick as bees around us, while rock doves flew swiftly from the caverns; and beyond again the cormorants blackened

"I have called my love, but he still sleeps on, and his lips are as cold as elsy."

And as the words of the song passed through my mind, they seemed to tell me the sequel of the story.

"Another case of disastrous true love," I said, turning to Shawn, and when he looked puzzled I added, "he died and she is mourning him?"

"Yes, yer honor, he died; but if that was all he did we could forgive him. What broke the poor colleen's heart was that he should forget her when he got to the strange land and marry another colleen at the time he should have married her. After that, it was but right that he should die." lew; little puflins were floating thick as bees around us, while rock doves flew swiftly from the caverns; and be-yond again the cormorants blackened the weed-covered rocks. The splash of our oars had for a moment created a commotion; presently all calined down again, and again I heard the plaintive wailing of the mermaid's voice. The voice, more musical than ever, was at length so distinct as to being with it the words of the court. bring with it the words of the song: My Owen Bawn's hair is of a thread gold spun; Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun; All curled in a coolun the bright treases are, They make his head radient with beams like a star!

And I'd maker face snow-drift and winter wind there. Than be smong daisies and sunshine else-

nh, soked in the tempest on stormy Lough

The voice suddenly ceasesed, and as it did so, I saw that the singer was a young girl who, with her hands clasped behind her, and her face turned to the moonlit sky, walked slowly along the shore. Suddenly she paused, and while the sea kissed her bare feet, and the moon laid tremulous hands upon her head because to sing again. ad, began to sing again:

I have called my love but he still sleeps on, And his laps are as cold as clay! I have kissed them o'er and o'er again— I have pressed his cheek with my burning

I've watched o'er him all the day; then true that no more thoul't smile On Moina? Art thou then lost to thy Moins?

Art then then lest to the Moins?

I once had a lamb my love gave me,
As the mountain anow 'twas white;
Oh, how I loved it nobody knows!
I decked it each morn with the myrtle-rose,
With "forget-me-net" at night.
My lover they slew, and they tore my lamb
From Moins.
They pierced the heart's core of poor Moin As the last words fell from her remulous lips, and the echoes of the weet voice faded far away across the

the boat gliding gently on ran her into the sand, and I, leaping out, as suddenly face to face with the sliest vision I have ever beheld. It is a mermaid?" I asked myself in, for surely I thought no human ag could be half so lovely.

nlight orightened and darkened shadows on a wind-awept sea-ustrous eyes which gazed ear-waward, then filled with a wandering far-off look as they n a peasant's dress with her bare feet rashed reverently by the aighing sea; or half parted lips kissed by the breeze chich travelled alowly shoreward; her backs and nock were pale as alabaster to ware the little hands which were till clasped half nervously behind her; and as she stood, with her eyes wandering restlessly first to my face, then to be dira line of the horizon, the moon, eightening with sudden splendor, raspt her from head to foot in a man-

int soon it grew fainter and fainter intil only the echoes were heard.

I turned to my boatman, who now tood waiting for me to depart.

"Well, Shawn, is it a mermaid?"

He gravely shook his head.
"No, yer honor; 'tis only a poor coleen with a broken heart!"

I turned and looked questioningly a im, but he was gazing at the spo "God Almighty risht the dead!" he said, reverently raising his hat; "but him that brought such luck to Nora O'Connell deserved His curse, God knows!"

This incident, coupled with the strange manner of my man, interested me, and I began to question him as to the story of the girl whose lovely face was still vividly before me But for was still vividly before me But for some reason or other he seemed to shun the subject, and so for a time I held my peace. But as soon as I found myself comfortably seated in the cozy parlor of the lodge, with a bright turf fire blazing before me and a hot punch steaming on the table at my side, I summoned my henchman to my presence.

"Now, Shawn," I said, holding forth a steaming goblet that made his eyes sparkle like two stars; "close the door, draw your chair up to the fire, drink off this, and tell me the story of the lovely colleen that we saw to-night."

"Would yer honor really like to hear?"

"I would; it will give me something to dream about, and prevent me from thinking too much of her beautifu

shawn smiled gravely.

"Yer honor thinks her pretty? Well, then, ye'll believe me when I tell ye that if ye was to search the counthry at the present moment ye couldn't find a colleen to match Norah O'Connell. When she was born the neighbors thought she must be a fairy child, she was so pretty, and small and white; and when she got older there wasn't a boy in Storport but would lay down his life for her. Boys wid fortunes and boys widout fortunes tried to get her—and, begging yer honor's pardon, I wint myself in wid the rest. But it went the same wid us all: Norah just the same wid us all: Norah just smiled and said she didn't want to marry. But one day, two years ago now, come this scrapht, that shaughraun, Mile Doughty, (God his soul!) came over from Rallygally and going straight to Norah, widout making up any match at all, asked her to marry him."

"Well?"

"Well, yer honor, this time Norah brightened up, and though she knew well enough that Miles was a dirty blackguard widout a penny in the world—though the old people said no, and there were plenty fortunes in Storport waitin' on her—she just went against every one of them and said she must marry Miles. The old people pulled against her at first, but at last Norah, with her smiles and pretty ways, won over Father Tom—who won over the old people, till at last they over the old people, till at last they said that if Miles would go to the black pits of Pennsylvania and earn the noney to buy a house and bit of land should marry her."

He paused, and for a time there was silence. Shawn looked thoughtfully into the fire; I lay back in my easy chair and carelessly watched the smoke which curled from my eigar, and as I did so I seemed to hear again

but right that he should die."
"Did he write and tell her he was married?"

"Write? Devil a bit, nor to tell he "Write? Devil a bit, nor to tell he was dead neither. Here was the poor colleen watching and waiting for him for two whole years and wondering what could keep him. But a few months ago Owen Macgrath, a boy who had gone away from the village long ago on account of Norah refusing to marry him, came back again and told Norah that Miles was dead and asked her to marry him. He had made lots of money and was ready to take a house and a bit of land and to buy up cattle if she would but say the word to him."

"Well 9" "Well, yer honor, Norah first shook her head and said that now Miles was dead 'twas as well for her to die too

dead 'twas as well for her to die too.
At this Owen spoke out out and asked where was the use of grieving so since for many months before his death Miles had been a married man. Well, when Owen said this Norah never spoke a single word, but her teeth set and her lips and face went white and cold as clay, and ever since that day she has been so strange in her ways that some think she's not right at all, On moonlight nights she creeps out of the house and walks by the sea singing them strange old songs; then she looks out as if expecting him to come to her—and right or wrong she'll never look at another man!"

As Shawn finished, the hall clock chimed five; the last spark had faded from my cigar, the turf fell low in the grate; so I went to bed to think over the story alone.

During the three days which fol-

grate; so I went to bed to think over the story alone.

During the three days which followed this midnight adventure, Storport was visited by a deluge of rain, but on the fourth morning I looked from my window to find the earth basking in summer sunshine. The sky was a vault of throbbing blue, fleeked here and there with waves of summer cloud, the stretches of sand grew golden in the sun rays, while the saturated hills were bright as If from the smiling of the sky. The sight revivified me, and as soon as my breakfast was over I whistled up my dogs and strolled out into the air.

How bright and beautiful everything looked after the heavy rain! The ground was spongy to the tread; the dew still lay heavily upon the heather and long grass; but the sun seemed to be sucking up the moisture from the bog. Everybody seemed to be out that day; and most people were busy. Old men drove heavily laden donkeys along the muddy road; young girls carried their creeks of turf across the bog; and by the roadside, close to where I stood, the turf cutters were busy.

I stood for a while watching them at their work, and when I turned to go I saw for the first time that I had not been alone. Not many yards from me stood a figure watching the turf cutters, too.

A young man dressed like a gro-

sty first to my face, then to me of the horizon, the moon, g with sudden splendor, from head to foot in a manimering snow.

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Connell lived; he was a stranger here and brought her news from the States! In a moment a dozen fingers were outtretched to point him on, and the tranger, again smiling strangely to aimself, swaggered away. I stood for a time and watched him go, then I too sauntered on. I turned off from the road, crossed the bog, and made direct for the sea-shore.

I had been walking there for some quarter of an hour, when suddenly a huge shadow was flung across my path, and looking up I again beheld the stranger. His hat was pushed back now, and I saw for the first time that his face was handsome. His cheeks were bronzed and weather-beaten, but his features were finely formed, and on his head clustered a macs of curling chestnut hair. He was flushed as if with excitement; he cast me a hurried glance and disappeared.

Five minutes after, as I still stood

hurried glance and disappeared.

Five minutes after, as I still stood wondering at the strange behavior of the man, my ears were greeted with a shriek which pleaced my very heart. Running in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I reached the top of a neighboring sand-hill, and gazing into the valley below me I again beheld the stranger. This time his head was the valley below me I again beheld the stranger. This time his head was bare—his arms were outstretched, and he held upon his breast the half-fainting form of a lovely girl whom I had last beheld in the moonlight. While I stood hesitating as to the utility of descending, I saw the girl gently withdraw from his arms, then clasping her hands around his neck, fell sobbing on his breast.

"Well, Shawn, what's the news?" I asked that night when Shawn rushed

"Well, Shawn, what's the news?" I asked that night when Shawn rushed excitedly into my room. For a time he could tell me nothing, but by dint of a few well applied questions I soon extracted from him the whole story. It amounted to this: that working for two years like a galley-slave in the black pits of Pennsylvania, with nothing but the thought of Norah to help him on, Miles Doughty found himself with enough money to warrant his coming home; that he was about to return to Storport, when unfortunately, the day before his intended departure, a shaft in the coal-pit fell upon him and he was left for dead; that for many months he lay ill, but as soon as he was fit to travel he started for as he was fit to travel he started for home. Arrived at Storport, he was as-tonished to find that no one knew him and he was about to pass himself off as a friend of his own, when the news of his reported death and Norah's sor-row so shocked him that he determined to make himself known at once.

"And God help the villain that told her he was married," concluded Shawn, "for he swears he'll kill h m as soon as Norah—God bless her!—comes out e' the fever that she's in to-night." Just three months after that night I found myself sitting in the hut where Norah O'Connell dwelt. The cabin was illuminated so brightly that it looked like a spot of fire upon the bog. The rooms in the house were crowded, and without dark figures gathered as thick as bees in swarming time. Miles Doughty, clad rather less gaudily than when I first beheld him, moved amidst the throng with bottle and glass, pausing now and again to look affectionately at Norah, who, dec-orated with bridal flowers, was danc-

ing with one of the straw men 'who had come to do honor at her marriage feast. When the dance was ended came over and stood beside me.
"Norsh," I whispered, "do you remember that night when I heard you singing songs upon the sands?"
Her face flashed brightly upon

then it grew grave—then her eyes filled with tears. "My dear," I added. "I never meant to pain you. I only want you to sing a sequel to those songs to-night!"

She laughed lightly, then she spoke rapidly in Irish, and merrily sang the well-known lines-

"Oh the marriage, the marriage, With love and me bouchal for me. The ladies that ride in a carriage Might envy my marriage to me." Then she was laughingly carried off

to join in another dance.

I joined in the fun till midnight, then, though the merriment was still at its height, I quietly left the house and hastened home. As I left the cabin I stumbled across a figure which was hiding behind a turf-stack. By the light of my burning turf I recognized the features of Owen Macgrath. He slunk away when he saw me, and never since that night has he been seen in Storport.

Trifies.

Apr owed thing-A ship. Opinions are still cut bias. Breeches of trust-Unpaid for pants. The corn-fields have a grew-son

Happiness is a star, enjoyment sky-rocket. People call you deer when they

fawn upon you. Chicago policemen get No clubbing rates. There is some sense, of course, in

blacksmith's striking for wages. There is a great many people who will never go to heaven unless they can go at excursion rates. Why ought women to be grateful the letter S? Answer-Because makes needles needless.

It was a wise and cunning Jew who said, "I teil you vat it ish, I buys my experience fresh every day."

"Tis passing strange that amid all the mistakes of the world nobody ever passed a quarter for a twenty-cent

Peru has found a way to protect her money from being counterfeited. She has made it worth less than the blank The Boston Transcript says the most popular bathing costume in France this year is an umbrells. How is it adjusted?

The baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ands meet.

"Did you observe the Fourth?"
asked Judge Wilson of a man sitting
on the prisoner's bench, with both eyes
tied up. "I did," replied that individual, "and I haven't been able to observe anything since."

Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, who was one day modestly deprecating praises for her acting in Zaire, said, "One ought to be young and beautiful for that." "Ah! madame," replied her well-meaning flatterer, "you have proved the contrary." In a current magazine story the heroine says to the hero, "choose, Henry, between me and the wine cup." A most sensible request, young woman. A man who doesn't believe that a miss is as good as smile and a thousand times better, don't deserve to win her.

The New York Times devotes ove hirteen columns to a kindly review of he carear of its old political adversar the career of its old political adversary Ex-Governor Seymour, who has now permanently retired from public life. Such tributes to political opponents do much to soften the asperity of partizanship and are all too rare. Whatever may be thought of the retired political leader and his career, there can be but one opinion of the following just and humane sentiments to which he gives utterance:

"And during all these years and through all these struggles, have you had any one aim or end in view?" I asked the Governor when he had inshed the recital. His ready response

was:

"Yes; yes indeed, and if you like, I
will tell you just what it has been."

"I should like very much be went was, of course, my reply, and he went

on:

"I have aimed to take an interest in everything in this world with which I had a right to concern myself. During a long life I have learned that people who have the happiest and healthlest minds take an active part in everything which concerns their community, their State or the country at large. A proper interest and sympathy for others gives men vigorous minds and a broad view, while selfish views tend to contract even great intellects. A thoroughly selfish man must, in the end, be a thoroughly unhappy one.

must, in the end, be a thoroughly unhappy one.

"The study of men has taught me still another great truth. It is that, while their conditions as to wealth, the character of their homes and surroundings are very different, the variety of worlds they live in is still more varied. Money may fix the character of a man's house, but only intelligence and culture can give beauty and interest to the sphere or world in which he passes his life. Every single object on this earth is of value to those who know its character, its history, and its use, while those who are ignorant of these things take no interest even in the choicest productions of nature. To one man the heavens are ture. To one man the heavens are filled with great systems of mighty worlds. To another the skies are simply so much blue space dotted with bright, but to them meaningless points of light. To one the earth is an exhaust-

of light. To one the earth is an exhaustless museum, giving endless subjects
for study, thought, and happiness; to
another it is simply a clod in which to
grow potatoes and cabbages.

"Appreciating and acting on these
familiar truths, I decided at an early
age to take an active interest in everything that concerned the general welfare, and, above all, to keep my mind
vigorous and sympathetic. I determined to know something, no matter how
little, regarding every object or subject
which came under my notice. I did
not seek to be learned in a high degree
with regard to any of these things, but

"Yes, sirrah; and now." But the hired man, equally concerned with the new owner in the fine fence on one side and another man who stood in the same relation on the other side, said no—very sternly no, although they were willing Fetcher should put a board fence in the stead of the old one. Down came the partition fences, however, and orchard and garden, wheatfield and cornfield, meadow and grazing paddock became as one big field. With stock to pasture and grain to grow within the great inclosure, the farmer may see that, although fields might blend, the treatment bestowed by cattle upon a growing patch of corn, although pleasant for the kine, was not kind to the corn. It so proved at least, and while the cattle thrieved the grain crop prospered not, and for three years Fechtar's cattle have here. with the new owner in the fine fence the grain crop prospered not, and for three years Fechter's cattle have been tethered to a post.—Pittsburg Chroni-

Rosewood. Rosewood.

It has puzzled many to decide why the dark wood so highly valued for pianos, and in these times so cleverly mitated, should be called rosewood. Its coor certainly does not look like that of a rose, but when the tree is first cut, the wood possesses a strong, roselike fragrance; hence the name. There are half a dozen or more kinds of rosewood trees found in South America and in the East Indies and neighboring islands. Sometimes the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten feet in length can be cut from them. The broad planks are principally used to make tops for piano-fortes. When growing, the rosewood tree is remarkable for its heauty; but such is its value in manufactories as an ornamental wood that some of the forests were it once grew abundantly now have scarcely a single specimen. In Madras the government has prudently had great plantations of this tree set out in order to keep up the supply.

The keper he sed: "You are the coolest man, wots left of you, which I have ever saw."

Mister Jonnice he sed: "Wel, I have all ways went on the principle its no use cryin for yure leg off, but Ide benighted blighed to you for a drink of whisky."

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Wen the keper had brot it, Mister Jonnice put on his wuden leg agin, and was a standing up lookin at the dile, and the keper had ben standing there a our and had never seen him before.

One time there was a rinosy rose met a cammle, and it said, the rinosy rose will be remarked to make top for its had a new a standing up lookin at the college of the had ben standing there a cammle, and it said, the rinosy rose will be remarked to your for a drink

atence more than 218,000 United States patents. There are but a little over heroine says to the hero, "choose Henry, between me and the wine cup." A most sensible request, young woman. A man who doesn't believe that a miss is as good as smile and a thousand times better, don't deserve to win her.

Perhaps the heartiest laugh during the Tichborne trial was produced by the Attorney-General, the present Lord Coleridge, who, reading a letter from the claimant to his "dear mamms," said, "it finishes with this editying piece of piety, 'God bless you, and may our Holy Mothor protect you,' and although he possibly did not mean it it reads, protect you from your affectionate son R. C. Tichborne. FOR THE CHILDREN. Meadow Talk.

The greenhopper paused on his way, And thoughtfully hunched up his knees; "Why trouble this sunshiny day," Quoth he, "with reflections like these? I follow the trade for which I was made; We all can't be wise bumble bees. "There's a time to be end,
And a time to be glad;
A time both for working and stopping;
For men to make money.
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping

The Fly Family.

Well, this fly, of course, had a mother-fly, and she laid a lot of very small shiny, brownish-white eggs, and when each one of these little eggs hatched, there came out a funny little yellowish-white maggot, not very active but very, very hungry. The appetite that hese little fellows have is something really wonderful, and this it is that helps them to be of such good use to man. For while they are maggots they live around the barns, and eat up old decaying material that is filling the air with poisonous gases which might bring sickness to a great many of us. One httle maggot could not eat very much of course; but there are so many of them, that what they all eat amounts to a great many hundred wagon-loads every year. This is the good work that the fly spoke of when he said that he had done a great deal for us before he became a fly; and you see he was right. After the little maggot has eaten all he can and has grown all he can, en all be can and has grown all he can, en all he can and has grown all he can, he is about a third of an inch long. He then becomes shorter and stouter, stops eating, remains quiet, and in a few days changes into a small, dark reddish-brown chrysalis, about a quarter of an inch long. He only lives from eight to fourteen days achrysalis, and the same brief morning the and then, some bright morning, the skin cracks all along the back, and out skin cracks all along the back, and out comes Mr. Fly. He is a little stiff and lazy at first; he comes out drowsily, stretching his legs, and slowly waving his wings, after his long sleep of nearly two weeks. But the warm sunlight soon takes the cramp out of all his joints, and, spreading his wings, he takes his first flight.—St Nicholas.

to me that every man should have much to think of, that he should devote himself to such thought and to such usefulness in his private circle as he might be fitted for. It is for these reasons that I have determined not to accept public station."

Fechter as a Farmer.

About four years ago Fechter purchased a fifty-seven-acre farm near Quakerstown, Pa., and went to live there with his wife, nee Lizzie Price, herself an actress. His experience in the agricultural line was not marked with that brilliant success which for a quarter of a century before attended bis career on the stage.

The fields of his new farm were divided by a neat snake-fence, "stake and rider" they call it there, and a similar barrier was at the limit of his new domain.

"Ah!" said Fechter, "people are slow and stupid. In England and France a gentleman farms. Take away those fences."

"What, the line fence, too?"

"Yes, sirrah; and now."

But the hired man, equally concerned

Johnny's Essay on Crocodiles.

and bime by he sed: "No, I don't think I wude, not for a wile yet, enny how. Diles is use to overeatin' their-selfs."

The keper he sed: "You are the coolest man, wots left of you, which I have ever saw."

Mister Jonnice he sed: "Wel, I

gisis.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 18, 1978.

To THE PROF'NS OF ALLAN'S ARTI-FAT:
GRETLAREN—The following report is from a lady who used Allan's Anti-Fet: "If the Anti-Fet) had the desired effect, reducing the fat from two to five pounds a week, until I had lest twenty-five pounds. I hope power to regain what I have leat." Yours respelly,

POWELL & PLIMPTON,

Wholesais Bruggists.

Wan Is ECRORE AGAIN.—There is more bil-iousness in the politice of the Eastern Hamis-phere. We would advise those blood-thirsty and dyspeptic statesmen of Europe to take Mott's Llasz Pills. Best pills ever discovered by man. Warranted to oure if taken in sec-

Use nothing but Obermier's Great Germain Remedy for Rheumstiam, Dyspepsia, Indi-gestion, Ague, and all Impurities of the Blood. Sold by Druggists. WE WANT AGENTS to sell Custom Te amilies. Garden Tes Co., Chicago, Ill. DETROIT MARKETS

No. 1 white.

POTATORS— \$1 20 @ 1 30 per bbl. From store 35 c per bu.

WATERMELONS—\$8 00 of 15 00 per 100.

NUTMEG MELONS.—\$2 51 per bbl.

PROVINIONS—Pork Mess \$10 @\$10 50; Larc @\$4; Smoked Hams, 8@10, Shouders, 5@6c; Bacon, 71/c; extra Mess Beef, \$10 50@11.50 per bbl.

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tiling that concerned the general welfare, and, above all, to keep my mind vigorous and sympathetic. I determined to know something, no matter how the came under my notice. I did not seek to be learned in a high degree with regard to any of these things, but I did seek from my own labor and the labors of others to gain a reasonably clear conception of the progress of science and the ends it has gained. I believed that by doing so, while life took kite and pigeon, and wended his way to the nearest common several believed that by doing so, while life took kite and pigeon, and wended his way to the nearest common several believed that by doing so, while life took kite and pigeon, and wended his way to the nearest common several believed that by doing so, while life took kite and pigeon, and wended his way to the nearest common several believed that by doing so, while life took kite and pigeon, and wended his way to the nearest common several believed that by doing so, while life took kite and pigeon, and wended his way to the nearest common several solid to find some subject, or object in the world by which I might be interested and rendered content."

Referring to his last conversation with Mr. Marcy, Gov. Seymour said!

"That last interview with the good, great man who had been my life-long friend impressed me deeply. I then made up my mind that no man should cheat himself out of the repose of his old age. In his last days, if his life had not been a barren one, it seemed to me that every man should have much to think of, that the should de yot himself to such thought and to such usefulness in his private circle as he might be fitted for. It is for these reasons that I have determined not to accept public station."

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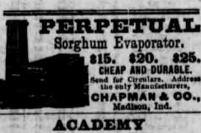
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